

TO WHERE IT MAY WANDER

by Andrew “Change” Huang

you must let your truth speak—let it
echo over this soundless avenue,
passing by the dimly-lit storefronts
that seem to be abandoned
on this soulless street.

nothing can disturb it—

not even the occasional hushes
from the impatient cars as they
speed away once the red neon glow
turns bright green, nor
the flickering of fliers peeling
themselves from worn-out walls—
forgotten words and illustration
are buried beneath the many layers.

so let your truth speak—let it
find its way to the old church—
its steeples pierce the starless sky,
as a soft hymn still hums from
the evening service, or
to the empty school—
its courtyard replays a recording
of laughter from lunchtime.

but wherever it may wander,
let your truth speak—let it
climb the tall hill that overlooks
this city—at the edge of the abyss
where it listens to the wild melody

one last time

before they are shushed away
by the coming sunrise.